POETRY.

GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

The following lines descriptive of fact, were ent to the children of the Sunday School at t. Thomas' Church in this city, by Dr. Hawkes, the Rector.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

I knew a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest was but six years old—
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home—
For children must be fed;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long, I reached their cheerless home;
'Twas searched by every breeze:
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

paused and listened to the boy—
He never raised his head;
But still went on and said—"*Give us*
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed—
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

She said to us we now must starve,
Our father being dead,
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"*Our Father*," sir, the prayer begins,
Which makes me think that he,
As we have got no father, here,
Would our kind father be.

And then, you know, the prayer, sir, too,
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"*I thought God heard me*," said the boy—
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's *faith in God.*

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

BY MISS LANDON.

O, weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.
My little sister, she is pale;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favorite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own.
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisped his name,
A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were! yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
How strange, how white and cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
Alas, our hearts are broken, too.

We have no home—we have no friends,
They said our home no more was ours;
Our cottage where the ash tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers;
The sounding shell our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honey-comb.

We wandered forth 'mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Columbian Magazine for Dec.

THE BEAUTY OF PEACE.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

'Power itself hath not half the might
Of gentleness." [*Leigh Hunt.*

Will you pardon me, courteous reader, if instead, of a story, I give you something more like a sermon? If you ask why I suppose it will not suit you as well, I may answer playfully in the language of old Dr. Mayhew of Boston, who sometimes indulged in a vein of pleasantry not usual with clergymen in his Puritanic times. Being asked what was the reason that the Council of Bishops voted the Song of Solomon into the Bible and the Wisdom of Solomon out, he replied, "Indeed I cannot tell; except that mankind have always preferred songs to wisdom."

Moreover, you may listen more coldly to the advocacy of peace principles than to other wise words; because few men professing to believe the Christian religion venture to deny their truth, while at the same time all agree in giving them a sort of moonlight reputation, a will o' the wisp foundation, as beautiful but impracticable theories. But I cannot help feeling a strong hope, amounting to faith, that the world will be at last redeemed from the frightful vortex of sin and misery, into which it has been drawn by the prevailing Law of Force. And surely it is a mission worth living for, if I can give the least aid in convincing mankind that the Christian doctrine of overcoming evil with good is not merely a beautiful sentiment, as becoming to the religious soul as are pearls to the maiden's bosom, but that it is really the highest reason, the bravest manliness, the most comprehensive philosophy, the wisest political economy.

The amount of proof that it is so, seems abundant enough to warrant the belief that a practical adoption of peace principles would be always safe, even with the most savage men, and under the most desperate circumstances, provided there was a chance to have it distinctly understood that such a course was not based on cowardice, but on principle.

When Capt. Back went to the Polar Regions, in search of his friend Capt. Ross, he fell in with a band of Esquimaux, who had never seen a white man. The chief raised his spear to hurl it at the stranger's head; but when Capt. Back approached calmly and unarmed, the spear dropped, and the rude savage gladly welcomed the brother man, who had trusted in him. Had Capt. Back adopted the usual maxim, that it is necessary to carry arms in such emergencies, he would probably have occasioned his own death, and that of his companions.

Raymond, in his Travels, says: "The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of Italy, the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret-paths.—Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation, I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever.—Arms may indeed be employed against wild beasts; but men should never forget that they are no defence against the traitor. They may irritate the wicked and intimidate the simple. The man of peace has a much more sacred defence—his character."

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put, was in Ireland, during the memorable rebellion of 1798. During that terrible conflict, the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires.—The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike, because they refused to fight, or to pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause of death, that they would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion, nor help them to fight for Irish freedom. Victory alternated between the two contending parties, and as usual in civil war, the victors made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not march under their banners. It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Foreseeing calamity, they had, nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties and to harm neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols, and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street to be massacred. But the pistol dropped, when the Christian mildly replied, "Friend, do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, or any other human being." Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as those. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery much higher than their own.

On one occasion, an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house, unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children, who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend: "So long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succor the helpless and the distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks, or those of thine enemies. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away, and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker schoolmaster of Ballitore, saying they could see no reason why he should stay at home in quiet, while they were obliged to fight to defend his property. "Friends, I have no man to fight for me," replied the schoolmaster.—But they dragged him along, swearing that he should stand in front of the army, and if he would not fight he should at least stop a bullet. His house and school house were filled with women and children, who had taken refuge there; for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that *the houses of men of peace were the only places of safety.* Some of the women followed the soldiers, begging them not to take away their friend and protector, a man who expended more for the sick and the starving, than others did for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, "Do not be distressed, my friends. I forgive these neighbors; for what they do, they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life, but they cannot force me to do injury to one of my fellow creatures." As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away, and left the man of peace safe in his divine armor.

The flames of bigotry were of course fanned by civil war. On one occasion, the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot him if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest, to be christened. They had not led him far, before he sank down from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition!" asked one of the soldiers handling his gun significantly. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our Heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents talked apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

Deeds of kindness added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had some dying brother tended by the Quaker or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little one that had been cherished. Whichever party marched into a village victorious the cry was, "Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all and harm to none."—While flames were raging, and blood flowing in every direction, the honest peace-makers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where the Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who being afraid to trust to peace principles, put on a military uniform and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents and he was killed. 'His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility,' says the historian, "and therefore they invited it."

During that troubled period, no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their Monthly and Quarterly meetings, going miles across the country, often through an armed and furious multitude, and sometimes obliged to stop and remove corpses from their path.—The Catholics, angry at Protestant meetings being thus openly held, but unwilling to harm the Quakers, advised them to avoid the public road, and go by private ways. But they, in their quiet, innocent way, answered that they did not feel clear, it would be right for them to go by any other path than the usual high road. And by the high road they went unmolested; even their young women, unattended by protectors, passed without insult.

Glory to the nation that first ventures to set an example at once so gentle and so brave! And our wars—are they brave or beautiful, even if judged of according to the maxims of the world? The secrets of our cowardly encroachments on Mexico, and our Indian wars would secure a unanimous verdict in the negative, could they ever be even half revealed to posterity.

A few years ago, I met an elderly man in the Hartford stage, whose conversation led me to reflect on the baseness and iniquity often concealed behind the apparent glory of war. The thumb of his right hand hung down, as if suspended by a piece of thread; and some of the passengers inquired the cause. "A Malay woman cut the muscle with her sabre" was the reply.

"A Malay woman!" they exclaimed:—"How came you fighting with a woman!"

"I did not know she was a woman; for they all dress alike there," said he. "I was on board the U. S. ship Potomac, when it was sent out to chastise the Malays for murdering the crew of a Salem vessel. We attacked one of their forts, and killed some two hundred or more. Many of them were women; and I can tell you the Malay women are as good fighters as the men."

After answering several questions concerning the conflict, he was silent for a moment, and then added with a sigh, "Ah, that was a bad business. I do not like to remember it I wish I never had had any thing to do with it. I have been a seaman from my youth, and I know the Malays well. They are a brave and honest people. Deal fairly with them, and they will treat you well, and may be trusted with untold gold. The Americans were to blame in that business. The truth is Christian nations are generally to blame in the outset, in all their difficulties with less civilized people. A Salem ship went to Malacca to trade for pepper. They agreed to give the natives a stated compensation, when a certain number of measures full of pepper were delivered. Men, women, and children were busy picking pepper, and bringing it on board. The captain proposed that the sailors should go ashore and help them; and the natives consented, with the most confiding good nature. The sailors were instructed to pick till evening, and then leave the baskets full of pepper among the bushes, with the understanding that they were to be brought on board by the natives in the morning.—They did so without exciting any suspicion of treachery. But in the night the baskets were all conveyed on board, and the vessel sailed away, leaving the Malays unpaid for her valuable cargo. This, of course, excited great indignation, and they made loud complaints to the commander of the next American vessel that arrived on their coast. In answer to a demand of redress, from the government, they were assured that the case should be represented, and the wrong repaired. But 'Yankee cuteness' in cheating a few savages was not sufficiently uncommon to make any great stir, and the affair was soon forgotten. Some time after, another captain of a Salem ship played a similar trick, and carried off a still larger quantity of stolen pepper. The Malays, exasperated beyond measure, resorted to Lynch law, and murdered an American crew that landed there about the same time. The United States Ship Potomac was sent out to punish them for this outrage; and, as I told you, we killed some two hundred men and women. I sometimes think that our retaliation was not more rational or more like Christians, than theirs."

"Will you please," said I, to tell me what sort of revenge *would* be like Christians?"

He hesitated, and said it was a hard question to answer. 'I never felt pleasantly about that affair," continued he: 'I would not have killed her, if I had known she was a woman.' I asked why he felt any more regret about killing a woman than a man. 'I hardly know why, myself," answered he. "I don't suppose I should, if it were a common thing for women to fight. But we are accustomed to think of them as not defending themselves; and there is something in every human heart that makes a man unwilling to fight those who do not fight in return. It seems mean and dastardly, and a man cannot work himself up to it." "Then if one nation *would* not fight, another *could* not," said I.

"What if a nation, instead of an individual, should make such an appeal to the manly feeling, which you say is inherent in the heart!" "I believe other nations would be ashamed to attack her," he replied. "It would take away all the glory and excitement of war, and the hardest soldier would shrink from it, as from cold-blooded murder." "Such a peace establishment would be at once cheap and beautiful, rejoined I; and so we parted.

THE CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

Henry C. Wright, in one of his letters from Europe, thus describes the wonderful clock of the Strasburg Cathedral:

"I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide and 15 deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock when it strikes the hours of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants 5 minutes of 12. The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton, or head man with a wand and sword, is conducting around the building. The clock struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some 50 feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a large figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front, stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter, on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides, with a slow step, round behind Time, and as he does so, on the other hand of Time, out comes an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of 12 comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes 12 times on the bell, that echoes round the building, and is heard all around the region of the church. Then the old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes out ready to perform his part, as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck 12 and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross, with an image of Christ on it. The instant 12 has struck, one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, and walks round to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve Apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous Cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1517, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood out of repair."

Evidences of Feeling.—Oh! how I detest your sentimental people, who pretend to be full of feeling; who will cry over a worm, yet treat real misfortune with neglect. There is your fine lady that I have seen in a dining-room, and when, by accident, an ear-wig has come out of a peach, after having been half killed in opening it, she would exclaim, 'Oh! poor thing! you have broken its back; do spare it; I can't bear to see even an insect suffer. Oh! there, my lord, how you hurt it; stop, let me open the window and put it out.' And then the husband drawls out, 'My wife is quite remarkable for her sensibility; I married her purely for that.' And the wife cries, 'Oh! now, my lord, you are too good to say that; if I had not had a grain of feeling I should have learnt it from you.' And so they go on, praising each other; and, perhaps, the next morning, when she is getting into her carriage, a poor woman with a child at her breast, and so starved that she has not a drop of milk, begs charity of her, and she throws up the glass, and tells the footman another time not to let those disgusting people stand at the door.—[Lady Hester Stanhope's Memoirs.

AFFECTION OF ELEPHANTS.

I have seen many strong instances of the attachment of brutes to man, but I do not think I ever saw that feeling so strongly manifested as by a very young elephant that was brought to this country. Never was parent more fondly caressed by a child than was the keeper of this affectionate creature by his charge. If he absented himself even for a moment, the little elephant became restless, and if the absence was continued for a few moments its distress was quite painful to the spectator. After trying the different fastenings of its prison with its as yet weak proboscis, it would give vent to the most lamentable pipings, which only ceased when its friend and protector reappeared; and then how it would run to him, passing its infant trunk round his neck, his arm, his body, and lay its head upon his bosom. The poor man had a very weary time of it. He was a close prisoner; nor was he released at night even, for he was obliged to sleep by the side of his nursling, which would have pined and died if left by itself.—[Colburn's Magazine.

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—One man, whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his appearance, which I had rarely observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged even to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with males—and his face was pale and sickly.—He did not address me, and I passed by: but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg!" "Sure it is begging I am," was the reply. "You did not utter a word." "No! is it joking you are with me, Sir!—Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "Do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers! and the bones crying out through my skin! Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues."—*Leigh Ritchie's Ireland.*

POVERTY A BLESSING.—Rev. Mr. ——, having been on a visit to one of his poor Scotch parishioners, who was taken ill, and being about to take his leave, held out his hand to the object of his visit, who pressed it affectionately, at the same time thanking his pastor for his kind solicitude about his soul's welfare, and in conclusion said, "God grant ye, sir, great abundance of poverty here, and a double portion o't through a' eternity."—"What!" said the astonished clergyman, "do you wish me to become poor!" "Wi' a' my heart, sir," answered the old man seriously; "ye ken a hundred times, an' mair, hae ye tauld me that poverty was a blessing, an' I'm sure there's nane I could wish to see better blessed than yourse'." A solemn pause ensued. At length the minister said, with an air of touching humility, which showed he felt the full force of the cutting reproof—"Well, James, I never thought seriously on that point till this moment: poverty *cannot* be a blessing, it is at best a *misfortune.*—*Boston Intelligencer.*

A FRAGMENT.

I saw a pale mourner bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humble eyes to Heaven, he cried:

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way and said: "For whom dost thou mourn!"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love whilst living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What would'st thou do if he were restored to thee!"

The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends go and cherish the living, remembering that they will soon be dead also."

What a lesson may be learned from this.